E Dallett

CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR.

DEVOTED TO DOCTRINE, MORALITY, LITERATURE, AND RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

We are Ambassadors for Christ....Be ye reconciled to God.

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CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR.

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Original.

GETHSEMANE.

BY THE REV. E. H. CHAPIN.

Christ's agony in the garden has perplexed many of his disciples, and encouraged some of his opposers. Accordingly, while men like Celsus and Julian have made it a point of attack, others have endeavored to defend it by various theories. Some have supposed that all spiritual aid from the Father was then withheld from the Son. Others, assuming the doctrine of *two natures* in Jesus, would attribute the apparent weakness to his humanity in contrast with his Divinity. There have been those who maintained that, in that scene of trial, the Savior wrestled with the devil; while another class have held that, in that dark and solitary hour, God manifested his wrath against the human race, and the Redeemer bent beneath its awful burden.

But while these views are as unwarranted by the narrative as they are incongruous with the tenor of Christianity, we may doubt whether they would ever have been adopted, were it not for an error into which both the defenders and the antagonists of the Gospel have fallen. That error consists in the idea that this perplexity, this sorrow, this shrinking distress of Christ, was unworthy of him, and inconsistent with his character. They compare it with the philosophic calmness of Socrates over his hemlock—with the courage of the hero dying on the field of conflict—with the fortitude of the martyr on the scaffold, and at the stake. And, to a superficial vision, this prostrate form, this tearful countenance, this agonized prayer, contrast unfavorably with that stoicism and bravery.

It is the suggestion raised upon this point that I now propose to consider. Is the *natural* interpretation of this scene in Gethsemane derogatory to Christ, so that we should seek the aid of one of the theories alluded to, in order to vindicate his dignity? Can the unbeliever derive an argument against Christ and Christianity from this natural interpretation? I answer, in the first place, that they who do urge such an argument, by the same method make a concession in *favor* of the Gospel. They admit the perfect *honesty* of the Record. The *impostor* bent on glorifying a fictitious being—the *enthusiast* filling up the details of a mythic outline—would not have introduced this interval of apparent weakness and dismay. The instinct that has sought devices to *explain* the occurrence, never would have *invented* it. Evidently, then, it is an integral portion of the narrative, and its appearance here proves the authenticity of the narrative—of that stream of grand personal history which flows unbroken through the Gospels, amid the splendors of miracle as amid the horrors of temptation—in the calmness of a resigned spirit, as in the strife of sorrow—reflecting the unmistakable, the uninventable lineaments of a real life.

With this remark, then, I proceed to say that, as Christians, zealous for the honor of our Master, we need no other than the most obvious explanation of the agony of Jesus. It is best accounted for as the result of immediate circumstances, as the motion of his own being. Let us, for a moment, consider those circumstances. The last hour of his mission had arrived. He had just taken a tender and solemn farewell of his disciples. He had spoken of his death. He had symbolized it in the breaking of the Paschal bread, and in the outpoured wine. He knew that this crisis was close at hand. He had seen the man who should betray him stealing away from the table of communion. He knew that the troop which should seize him was already mustering in the silence of the night. He expected soon to hear the tramp of their hasty feet. The shadow of death was indeed upon him. And such a death! The malignant trial—the insults of the priests—the taunts of the multitude—the mockery and the violence of the soldiers—the rankling agony of the thorns—the weight of the cruel wood—the torture of the nails—the lacerating spear—the dying thirst—the awful death of crucifixion!

But this was not all. He saw his complete isolation from others. No man understood him. No one comprehended his truth, or sympathized with his sublime plan, or knew the depths of his spirit. Even his disciples fell away from him. One followed him timidly, one denied him with oaths, and one betrayed him. Now, as he passed out from that Supper room, all this rushed vividly upon him. He *realized* it as never before. In the solitude of the garden, in the stillness and gloom of the hour, it fell upon him with that sadness which so commonly enwraps the night.

And do we wonder that it should be so, because just before he had spoken with such calmness—counselling his disciples, soothing their sorrow, and closing with resigned, triumphant prayer? Surely, there is nothing more natural than this sudden contrast. He who is at all acquainted with the human soul, and who has passed through the circle of its experiences, knows how quickly and mysteriously it shifts its moods. And not the soul of the mere worldling either, that has no anchorage and no purpose; but how often does the balanced soul of the Christian suddenly decline from the sunshine of faith into the darkness of doubt and the tempest of grief! In accordance with this law, Christ, coming up from the excitement of the Baptism, and the coronation of the Holy Ghost, was driven into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil. And in accordance with this law, from the blessed communion and the prayerful triumph of the Last Supper, he passed into the gloom and agony of the Garden.

In answer to the suggestions that have already been made, then, I would say, that Christ is not dishonored by thus attributing to him the common feelings of humanity. Upon this subject there has existed great error In endeavoring to exalt Christ, men have obscured him. In dazzling the eye with his supernatural splendor, they have blinded it to his true glory. In setting him before

us as only a Being for our veneration and our awe, they have prevented not only a clear and rational conception of him, but spontaneous sympathy and genuine love. Far am I from favoring any attempts that would really dishonor Christ—that would hide the excellence of his character, break the seal of his authority, or lower his supreme position among men. To me, he is the Christ, the Anointed, the Commissioned of the Father—coming from God in a sense in which no other has ever come. He is not only the Teacher, but the Embodiment of the most important truth that God has revealed, or that our mortal powers can comprehend. In him, as in no other, is joined the manifestation of the Divine Attributes with the standard of a perfect humanity. He is my *guide*, who only has dropped the clue that directs me through the perplexing labyrinth of the world, and who has himself led the way. He is my *Master*, at whose feet alone I will sit, and where I must ever bow; for only there descends the loftiest wisdom. He is my *Savior*, who strikes off the fetters of my sin, and mercifully heals the smart of my guilt; who gives me strength to battle with temptation; who encourages and lifts me when I sink in darkness, or weakly fall. He is my *Consoler*, who has explained for me the enigma of life, taught me how to meet its evils, and kindled upon its horizon of mystery an auroral light. Without him, I could not truly live; with him, I may even dare to die; for he not only illustrated the ideal of life by the example of his own, but he broke its material bonds with the touch of miracle—he not only consigned himself to death upon the cross, but he entered its pale dominion, rent its sealed bars, and bore its broken sceptre in victory from the grave.

But I would not have this veneration for Christ expressed in the mere technicality of a theological formula, or in speech that seeks to glorify him by inflated words; but in sincere language, the utterance of a touched and warmed heart. And this will be rendered only as we realize the *human* element of the Savior's character. We must recognize, in a clear and rational manner, his brotherly relation to us, before we can consider him as an example, or cherish well-grounded faith in him, or give him hearty love. Many who seek to honor Jesus by epithets, do really have less veneration for him, and less trust in him, than those who view him through a simpler medium. In regard to him, as to the Scriptures, stupendous ascriptions are often the language of a vague and secondary conception, while rational interpretation is the nucleus of a clear and solid faith, a personal homage far more genuine, and therefore more honorable to its object, than the other.

If what I have said be true, then the agony in the Garden, so far from being inconsistent with Christ's character, was in beautiful harmony with it, for there is nothing more rational, or human. He "who was tempted in all points as we are, yet without sin"—who "was made perfect through suffering"—and thus, by undergoing the experiences of humanity, became the "Captain of our salvation"—wept as men would weep, and prayed as men would pray in the hour of sorrow, and beneath the pressure of calamity. And this was not a weakness. Although human, it was not a degrading trait. It was not one that we can dignify by an assumed inference, or should hide under a complicated explanation.

But advancing from this conclusion, I would remark, that this event in the life of Christ, so far from being an evidence of weakness, was an illustration of the true dignity and glory of his nature. As I have already said, men have compared the struggle in Gethsemane with the calmness of others in circumstances somewhat similar. But this repose, or fortitude, does not argue any superiority. It is often dependent upon the physical constitution, upon force of nerve, and thus sometimes the coarsest and most brutal natures will meet pain and death with the firmest composure. But no one will maintain that the savage, who dies unmoving at the stake, evinces a nobler nature than the Christian, who bids his last farewell with tears and prayer; or that he who sits down, unblenching, to have a limb amputated, is of stronger soul than one whose nerves shrink in the crisis of suffering. Here is simply a physical apathy, often caused by a coarse and blunted animality, but without reference to spiritual superiority.

Nor can we justly rate a *philosophical stoicism* higher than this Christian sensibility. The first may argue victory over self, but it also evinces intense selfishness. It shows a narrow philanthropy, a stunted development of those affections which bind man to man.

The Christian type of character is that of diffusion, comprehensiveness, fraternal love. Surely, the warrior who stands unmoved amid the groans of the battle-field, the mangled shapes, the bloody horror, the ghastly faces, has nothing of that greatness of nature which wept over doomed Jerusalem, and at the grave of Lazarus; which thrilled with tender emotion at the parting Supper, and, for a moment, wrestled with agony under the shadow of the Cross. Natures of the finest quality, and of the richest development, are the most sensitive. Their affinities with existing conditions will be more intense than others. They foresee more. They realize circumstances more. And, for the moment at least, such may shrink with stronger reluctance from death. Take one to whom this life has been unfolded in its best relations; whose pure spirit has reflected all its loveliness, and while it has flowed through and contended with its evil, has not been poisoned by it; who has drank in, with intense joy, the beauty and glory of the universe; who has explored its springs of knowledge; who has woven close ties with all its excellence, and learned to pity its wo; who has known much of its suffering, and experienced some of its persecution and its scorn, and yet has never lost sympathy with its latent good; but wrought out of all trial the discipline of virtue;—take such an one, and let him come to the hour of shame, and suffering, and death—let him feel the unjust imputations, the contempt, the misunderstanding, the pain, the desertion of such an hour, and would he not, for the moment, more than a selfish and colder nature, realize the circumstances, and cry out in anguish, and bow in prayer—yea, pray that, if possible, the cup might pass from him? Would he not realize all this, just in proportion to the generosity and comprehensiveness of his nature? The *martyr* may perish in a dream of enthusiasm, with his eye riveted in beatific vision. The *hero*, to use the words of Lord Bacon, may be one, who, "dying in earnest pursuit, is like one that is wounded in hot blood, and scarce feels the hurt." The *philosopher* may wrap himself in his mantle, and sit down to die, in the strength of intellectual pride, with the consciousness of being admired! But this one, in the shadow of a coming trial, in the night-solitude, in separation, desertion and denial, will, for a moment, shrink—will, for a moment, wrestle with his lot, and yet be greater, and, by that very struggle, manifestly greater than philosopher, or martyr, or hero.

And that we may not honor *sentimentalism* instead of *sensibility*, nor confound a romantic tenderness with spiritual sympathy, let us remember that, with Jesus, it was no grovelling fear of death, no cowardly despair, but the momentary shrinking of the most comprehensive spirit from its intense realization of not mere bodily pain, but of denial, desertion, misconception. Let us also remember that here we behold the *process* by which the hu-

man soul may acquire an immovable calmness and courage. We have been thinking, perhaps, of truly good, as well as great men, who have fallen asleep with sweet serenity—died for the truth without faltering, and held life as a cheap consideration for the right. But this fortitude was not *spontaneous*. It was *acquired*—and how acquired? I answer, by many a Gethsemane struggle—by many a lonely hour of agony. Only natures of intense emotion—natures that have been stirred to their lowest depths—can be endowed with this sublime calmness; only the trial of the Garden can lead to the triumphant resignation of the Cross. Christ was given us for an *example*, and, therefore, we see not merely the *results* but the *process* of a true character, the *wrestling* by which the spirit becomes unconquerable. That sad and lonesome Garden shows us on a great scale the prototype of many a struggle that has preceded the martyr's testimony, and the hero's death.

I have said this much in order to *explain* the scene in Gethsemane. I would not presume to make an *apology* for it. Each heart can interpret its meaning better than pen can describe it. That Garden agony, none of us would have erased from the history of our Savior. But I would combat the false notion that a true soul is always calm, or at least that it acquires such calmness without a struggle—a calmness which is to be distinguished from the hardihood, the indifference, the apathy of lesser natures. I maintain that the noblest spirit will most intensely realize the surrounding evil—that the most triumphant death and testimony is the result of conflict and of agony.

As to this great sorrow of Jesus, if we would rightly study it, we must take into consideration that which immediately *preceded* and *followed* it. We must remember that he, who for a moment shrank and prayed, was one who, forgetful of himself, had just administered consolation to his disciples—who, all the way to that bloody Cross, which he realized so intensely, had stopped to shed joy and healing for others, and who looking beyond the shadow of death, had just lifted up his soul in triumphant thanksgiving, expectation and prayer. We must remember, also, the celestial element which mingled with the darkest moment of that grief—the *resignation* which added to every petition: "Father, thy will be done!" and which, at length, when the cloud rolled away and the last throb of disquietude was stilled, burst forth in the divine strength of expression: "The cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?" We must remember, too, that majestic mien, that sublime silence, that far-looking prophecy, which he bore through the trial and the insult—we must remember that pitying injunction which he gave to the weeping women—we must remember, (Oh! let us ever remember!) that forgiveness which he shed upon the heads of his murderers—that victorious "*It is finished!*"—that resigned committal of his spirit into his Father's hands, which, more than the darkened firmament and the reeling earth, betokened a Divine Power and Presence. Remembering all this, we shall see how superior was the death of Christ to that of any other, how accordant it was with his matchless life, and we shall wonder that any have endeavored to affix an unnatural intrepretation to the agony of the Garden, when the simple circumstances and the intensity of his humanity render it so harmonious and so sublime.

A Fat Family.—The "Rungle Family"—two brothers and two sisters—weighing in the aggregate fourteen hundred pounds, have started from Virginia on an exhibiting tour. One of the young ladies is so fleshy as to be unable to walk, and when moving of her own accord, goes upon her hands and knees. They are of the ordinary height, and their mother is an unusually small woman; the father, however, is an ordinary sized man.

Original.

THE INFLUENCE OF CHRISTIANITY ON SOCIETY.

BY REV. T. B. THAYER.

How little has the true power of Christianity been understood by its followers, by the church itself. How poorly have its professors and believers applied its saving truths to the regeneration of society—how little, indeed, have they themselves apprehended and felt in their hearts the divine spirit of them. How little have they, through faith in it, honored the goodness of God, which devised the plan of salvation; or the love and faithfulness of Jesus, by whom it was revealed and perfected. Only in a very humble degree have they risen into the power and breadth of the Gospel plan, and brought out its divine doctrines of the perfect God and the perfect man; of the purpose of the present life, and the glory and blessedness of the future. Only in an humble and broken manner have the exalted and redeeming truths of the Savior's religion been delivered to the nations, or to the invidual soul.

Darkened by earthly corruptions, mingled with the doctrines of men and the wisdom of this world; crippled by contact with error, and polluted with the trappings of ambition and the foul spirit of bigotry and cruelty—in such garb, and with such accompaniments has God's truth been presented to the world, and been compelled to struggle in doing its work of sanctification. Through such influences has the doctrine of Christ been hindered, and the fulness of the blessing of his Gospel been narrowed and limited. Through such influences, for long dark ages, has the grace of God been dishonored and the salvation of man delayed and circumscribed in its extent, and misrepresented in its nature and object.

And yet, with all these checks and drawbacks; with all this weight of corruption and error like a yoke upon its neck, how much it has accomplished in the elevation and improvement of that portion of mankind to which it has come. Under all these disadvantages, confined and crippled as it has been, how manifold are the blessings it has conferred and is still conferring upon our race!

Look abroad upon the face of the earth, and mark the comparative freshness, fertility and beauty of those portions of it on which Christianity has shed its warm sunshine and its grateful dews. The nations to whom it has come, even in its crudest forms, in its most imperfect developments, have yet risen up above the surrounding tribes and nations, and left them far behind in all that pertains to the arts and sciences—to the expansion and cultivation of the intellect and the affections; in all that belongs to the progress of true civilization, to the advancement of human nature—the unfolding of its noblest faculties, and the preparation of the whole man for unlimited usefulness and happiness. Whenever and wherever the Gospel has been received, though not in the fulness of its blessing, though coupled with error, yet always then and there tokens of good have appeared; and there has been a manifest and acknowledged progress towards a higher civilization, towards something better and purer, corresponding to the measure of truth received. Those nations who have followed what light they had obtained from this source, have confessedly experienced a proportionate change for the better in their political and moral condition, and have made a forward movement in the arts and sciences, and in the departments of literature and benevolent enterprise.

Doubtless other causes have contributed measurably to these results; but the uniformity of them in the presence of the Christian element in the premises, and the corresponding difference in the absence of it, cannot but

satisfy the most skeptical that there is visible and palpable proof here, that Christianity exerts an important influence upon the welfare of nations, the progress of society and the general improvement and perfection of human nature.

And now let us ask, if Christianity, struggling against all the difficulties we have named, corrupted and disfigured as it has been by the wicked craft and vain wisdom of the world and the church—if it has been able under all these disadvantages to accomplish so much, what would it not do for the redemption of our race, if it could be presented to them in all its primitive and heavenly simplicity and grace? What may we not hope for and look for, when men shall come to a knowledge of "the fulness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ?" How great shall be its triumph, how mighty its power to reform and save, when it shall go forth unshackled by the commandments of men, unyoked from the errors of the church, and left free to do its own work in the power of its own truth and love! When God shall be known as the Universal Father, in all the glory of his exceeding goodness. When Jesus shall be seen as the great and perfect example, in the deep tenderness of his all-embracing love, in the never-wearying patience and never doubting faith, with which he toiled and suffered, and died for the deliverance of the world. When the holy and sublime truths of the common brotherhood of man shall be accepted and obeyed of all—and when all shall come to understand the revelation of the mystery of the resurrection; that resurrection, that divine regeneration wrought in the soul by the Spirit of God; which puts away from it the last shadow of error, and the last stain of sin, and renews it again and forever in the divine beauty of the heavenly image; which restores all, even the most darkened and hopeless, to the purity and joy of the angels!

O, when these grand truths shall be received in the simplicity with which they came fresh from heaven—when the full glory of the Gospel of Christ shall break in upon the heart of man, how unspeakably great the sanctifying work that shall be wrought out speedily. How great when this day comes, the peace and love, and joy that once more shall flood the earth like a sea. Eden's beauty and abundance shall be seen again; and the Father shall bless his children with his presence, and lift upon them the light of his smiling countenance, and walk with them as in the early time. And the power of his love and gracious favor shall be felt and rejoiced in by those who are now walking in darkness and disobedience. Nations shall be born in a day, and the triumph of Christ's truth, and the accomplishment of his mission shall be complete. Then shall we know what is the fulness of the blessing of his Gospel, and the mighty power of his religion on the social welfare of man. Then will Christianity be honored as the word of God, and the power of God unto salvation; and all the ends of the earth, remembering, shall return unto him, and all the kindreds of the nations shall worship before him; ascribing glory and honor to him that sitteth upon the throne and to the Lamb forever.

THE PLAIN GUIDE.

One of our friends in Racine, being inquired of by an orthodox clergyman, of that place, whether he had the Plain Guide to Universalism, replied that he had the book, and would be glad to lend it to him. Entering his house, he brought out the Bible, and presented it to the minister. The latter expressing some surprise, remarked that it was another book, and not the Bible, that he had inquired for; to which our friend replied, that there were two Plain Guides to Universalism, and that the one he had offered him was deemed the best.—*New Covenant.*

☞No punishment is so terrible, as prosperous guilt.

Foreign Correspondence.

LETTER FROM BR. BALCH—NO. XX.

ZURICH, SWITZERLAND,
August 6, 1848.

BRS.:—I did succeed in making a visit to Dr. Credner, and glad am I that I did so. No part of my journey has afforded me greater satisfaction. Connected as he is with our denomination, I shall be justified in a somewhat minute description of my visit. He deserves to be better known by us in America, for then he will be more highly appreciated. He is a true, and good, and great man; a scholar with a living soul; profound and practical; whose abstractions have form and meaning, and whose life is an out-speaking of the intellectual and religious principle. He is free from the corrosive influence of creeds and forms, pure in thought, simple in heart and generous in action. He loves the good, approves the true, and honors the great. He is a Christian.

We left Frankfort at 8 A. M., and reached Giessen at 3 P. M. by Diligence. The road lay over an undulating country, well cultivated and generally pretty good. As we approached Giessen the land became sandy and less productive. On our way we passed several towns, some walled, and in one or two there were castles and fortifications. The villages generally are inhabited by the peasantry, who are dressed in a costume peculiarly neat and romantic. The women, who here, as everywhere in Germany, work in the fields, wear short, full black skirts, which come to the knees, with waists coming to the hips, and extending over the shoulders, white short sleeves and black stockings, plain shoes, and generally an ornamented head-dress. Sometimes a broad-brimmed hat completes the dress. It is, of all the dresses I have seen, the most romantic and becoming. We passed the large salt establishment at Frieburg, and saw an Artesian well, which poured out a vast stream of water, which was forced up in a jet several feet. The salt water is pumped up into troughs upon the top of a high tier of brush, some six feet through, thirty high, and several hundred long, packed as tight as possible. The water percolates through this column of brush into a trough beneath, during which the evaporation is so great from the influence of the wind and sun that it soon crystalizes in the pan below. Wood and coal are too expensive to carry on the evaporation by steam.

Before reaching Giessen we saw two romantic little hills rising like mounds from the open plain, both crowned with castles. On our right on a higher hill surrounded by an extensive grove was another and more important castle. Before us, just over a moderate elevation, seen between long rows of trees, lay the village of Giessen. A gentleman in the stage pointed out the residence of Dr. Credner at the entrance of the town, and we called upon him at once and made ourselves known. We were disappointed that he could not speak English nor French fluently, though he has considerable knowledge of both. He called in his daughter, a very intelligent young lady, to act as interpreter, but we soon found that with what he understood of English and we of German, (Mr. H. in particular) we could get along very well without an interpreter.

It was not many minutes before we felt quite at home with him, as much so as if we had been in the house of a good brother in our own land. Coffee was soon brought in and served, and preparations made for a ride about the town, as that afternoon, till 10 o'clock, was all the time we had at command; having agreed to overtake our friends at Bale. But we became so interested in conversation on various topics that two hours passed away before we thought of anything outside the library. The Dr. had

met with a severe accident some days before, having fallen in the lecture room with an arm full of books and injured his right arm so severely that he was not able to sleep well or attend to his class.

We rode into the village, that is the old town, (the Dr. living in the new,) and his little son conducted us to the University, a building perhaps 40 by 120 feet, of three stories. The lecture rooms are of the plainest description, some large enough for 100 scholars, others less. The Dr. has in his class about 80 scholars. There are, if I remember rightly, between 700 and 800 students, and near 30 professors. In theology there are both Catholic and Protestant professors. But the students rarely attend upon the lectures of any but those of their own kind. The sympathy between the two sects hardly neutralizes the antipathy. But Universities being subject to Government regulation, the connection exists and, perhaps, as intimately as could be expected considering the antagonistic principles maintained by each. The classes are about equally divided.

The course of studies in the German Universities is eminently practical, professors being appointed for almost every branch of practical science, embracing agriculture, manufacture, commerce, &c. Hence the education of a German is much more thorough and useful than in our American Colleges, where the studies are mostly theoretical. For example, in Giessen there is a professor of Chemistry *as applied to the arts.* It is the business of this professor to instruct those students who are acquainted with the principles of chemistry as taught in our Colleges, how to adapt that knowledge to the business of life, in farming, in manufactures, &c. So with everything else. Whereas, with us every student must pursue a particular course of study and get a smattering of everything. With this he graduates at the end of four years as a "College learned man," of a "liberal education," when in fact he has yet to learn what is essential to usefulness and success in life.

Returning from the University we met the Dr. and rode out of town to an eminence which overlooks it. The view was very pretty. On our way we met a gentleman who joined us in our excursion. He had spent several years in New South Wales in the service of England, making some scientific researches. He spoke English well. We were shown a piece of dry, sandy soil where Professor Liebig made his experiments in agriculture, at considerable expense, in order to test chemical principles in the production of vegetation. It has been found that there is nothing so well adapted to the growth of vegetables as a good *natural* soil, *well cultivated* and properly manured in the old-fashioned way. As far as any success can be *profitably* made the enterprise has been abandoned. There is too much theorizing in agriculture as well as in theology.

On our return we called on Prof. Liebig and spent a short time with him. He is a very pleasant, modest man, whose very appearance makes you respect and love him. He is a man of near forty, rather dark complexion, fine features, middling stature, not corpulent nor lean, but admirably proportioned, with a fine intellectual forehead. He is slow and rather precise in speech, owing, perhaps, to his limited knowledge of our language in which he conversed. Speaking of our country, he said, in a manner deeply impressive, "Happy country! you have no princes there." Alluding to Germany he said, what thousands of others have said, that its condition is most precarious and fearful. Everything is unsettled and its destiny uncertain. One thing I remarked as not exactly philosophical. His laboratory is connected with his dwelling, from which there constantly arise gases which must be injurious to health as it is to comfort. We took our leave with most favorable impressions of him, and giving a hasty look at the Anatomical and Biblioteque buildings, the latter containing some 200,000 volumes, we returned and spent the evening with Dr. Credner. He had invited Prof. Knapp and his lady, the sister of Prof. Liebig, to be with us. To us it was a happy evening. Dr. C. and his lady, a very intelligent and affable woman, with great ease, dignity, and true politeness, in the management of her domestic affairs, did everything which could be desired, in the true spirit of Christian hospitality, to make our too-hasty visit agreeable. Tea was served immediately on our return in German fashion, and at 10, just before our leaving, a supper of ("Flesh," they call it here,) meat—venison—with bread, potatoes, preserves, &c, in the fashion of the country.

Our conversation led to numerous subjects, among which Religion was prominent. The Dr. is a Universalist—an understanding and consistent one, and so are most of the well-informed classes in Germany. They are Unitarians, also. A difference obtains among them, as they hold, like us who claim to be *liberal* in America, to the largest liberty. Rationalism differs here as held by different men. Dr. C. I call *evangelical* in the true sense of that term, having eminently great respect for the Bible and for the authority of the New Testament. He is not an abstractionist, but a plain practical man, who sees, in the enlightenment of the mind, the liberty of thought and purity of life, an approximation to the divine life so beautifully and fully taught and exemplified in the preaching and conduct of Jesus Christ. In short he looks upon Jesus as the Perfect Man, the Savior, the Leader, the Redeemer of the world, to whom all men must come, and whom all must be like, in order to be saved. He does not go with the "Pietists," but is disposed to regard them as we do a certain class of "Orthodox Evangelicals," among us; men who can assume the *form* of godliness without taking into the account the great principles of truth, the doctrine of Jesus and the pure, moral life which he requires of his disciples. The "Pietists," by the way, are not necessarily believers in the Trinity, vicarious atonement and endless misery, as held by limitarians in our country. But they hold up the Bible in opposition to the ultra rationalism, which virtually sets at naught that holy book. I now regret I did not see Dr. Tholuck and Neander, in order to have gained from them an explanation of their views, and to have set them right as to the views of Universalists in America, for that we have been most slanderously represented to them I am quite certain. I had supposed that all the Pietists embraced what is called *Orthodoxy* with us. I am now assured from several sources to the contrary; that the main point with them is the sacredness and authority of revelation.

On the subject of endless misery the Dr. assured me that the great proportion of all the better informed rejected it as unscriptural and unreasonable, unworthy of God and subversive of true piety and practical godliness. Universalism is esteemed not only for its truth as taught in the Bible and sustained by reason, but for its superior practical tendency as applied to the relations and duties of life. It has been argued more as a rational than as a scriptural truth, for such was the tendency of German literature. But the maximum on that side has been reached and the pendulum is returning—with some it has passed the central point of truth and has already vacillated to the opposite extreme. I am assured, however, that, as a whole, the German theology is coming right, becoming more scriptural and less *rationalistic* or neologic. This opinion has not been hastily formed; I have gathered evidence from various sources in different parts of Germany, and believe it well founded.

The present disturbed state of affairs, politically, has unsettled men's minds and the affairs of even Universities; so much so, that many contemplate quitting the

"Vaterland" and becoming, by adoption, children of our great and glorious Republic. Among that number is Dr. Credner, as well as numerous others, all over Germany. A collision and civil war seems inevitable, and many who love their land will not risk the fearful results of such a struggle as must, in the nature of things, precede the establishment of a truly christian government, upon the downfall of kings and nobles. Besides, our country is looked upon as the paradise of nations, where every great and noble principle is fully developed. Sweet hallucination! but sad deception! I wish we were what so many Europeans, from the highest to the lowest who are acquainted with the principles of our government, think we *are*, and *know we ought to be*. There is not a person I have met who does not entertain the highest respect for America, and too many have the most false and delusive notions of what we are in fact. We have had more difficulty in moderating men's expectations and correcting their extravagant notions than any person ever did in former years, to convince an Englishman that we were a decent people. We have endeavored to make them know the truth, to understand our real condition so that they should suffer no disappointment if, in God's providence, they should come to our blessed land.

Dr. C. has seven children, five boys, and like every other father similarly situated, he feels it would be better for them in our growing Republic than to remain where he is. He reasons well, and I did not dissuade him from coming to the United States. On the contrary I assured him he would be received with open arms to warm and devoted hearts. I should, indeed, be proud of him in our denomination. I only regret that we could not, as a denomination, put him in a position which he deserves to occupy and now fills with so much credit. But his idea is to purchase a farm in some of our new States and make him a home for old age. His plan is not a bad one, seeing he has means to execute it. Still I ventured to hint that the day might not be far distant when he might be of service as a professor of his native tongue and perhaps of Oriental languages in our land. At least I indicated that I would make the suggestion to some of our friends. I thought I would write Brs. Whittemore, Sawyer, Ballou and others on the subject. But as my time is all occupied, I cannot do so, and therefore hope the hint given in this hasty manner will be sufficient to suggest an inquiry into the matter.

Dr. C. is a man of perhaps 50, about my height, 5 feet 10 inches, of fuller habit, a robust constitution and pleasing address. He is respected by everybody who knows him. His wife is an excellent woman, and his children, mostly young, well governed. He is possessed of a comfortable property. His salary, which is in part precarious, averages, perhaps, 800 or 900 thalers, about $600. The expense of living is rather cheaper here than in our eastern towns; perhaps like those in Ohio. I state these things that our frends may know his real situation. He is seriously anxious to come to America. So are several other distinguished gentlemen whom I could name. In a year, with such application as he would make, he could speak our language tolerably well. These Germans have great facility in learning languages, especially the English. He can read it already.

I have been thus minute for the information of our brethren, hoping a movement would be made at our next Convention to *put up that* College, and if thought desirable to encourage (not invite) Dr. Credner to come to America. He needs but an assurance of hearty sympathy. It would not be well to assume the responsibility of inviting him to remove, and I would not suggest it but from the fact that he has thought of it, and written to Dr. Beard of England and Br. Sawyer on the subject. It would not be well for that denomination with which alone he has sympathy to give him the cold shoulder. We said to him, he shall be welcome, heartily welcome, and that his talents, if available, shall not be neglected. I feel the more earnest, finding him so well qualified for American life.

The servant, who had been stationed for the purpose, announced the approach of the Diligence, and we were obliged to part. It was too soon. It is hardly possible to believe our friendship was so strong. I was embraced and kissed with the fondness of a son. Oh, there is a warmth and earnestness in German friendship and customs, which I love. I shall never forget the strong Christian affection manifested on that occasion, the offspring of a few hours acquaintance but, I trust, of endless continuance. And I felt this love was not for me alone, but for our denomination, in the welfare of which the Dr. deeply sympathizes, counting himself as one with us. I would hardly exchange that visit for all the other acquaintances I have made on this side of the Atlantic. I hope it wil be returned in America.

Our ride to Frankfort was that of a disturbed sleep. In the course of the night, about daylight, I was awakened by a snick, snick, snick beside me, followed by a pup, pup, pup. On opening my eyes I found a fire had been kindled beside me, and soon all were enveloped in a cloud of smoke, almost suffocating, simply to gratify the miserable taste of a pale-faced, beardless boy, who had no care for the comfort of his fellow-men. But such is the custom, and, though these are the days of remonstrance and revolution, there was no use. Hope is hopeless and persuasion powerless with the obdurate.

W. S. B.

CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR.

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THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE NEW VOLUME.

We enter to-day upon a new volume of our paper; and we cannot permit the occasion to pass without calling attention to the magnitude of the object for which we are laboring. It is not many years since the conviction was very general that Universalism was a system of abstractions, having but little, if any, practical utility. Its enemies granted that it was a consoling faith, and, above all others, calculated to soothe the mourner, and bind up the wounded heart. And when death entered their circles, and took away their cherished ones, their souls would yearn for the consolations of our blessed faith. Opposition for the time was silenced, prejudice allayed, and bigotry inclined its ear to listen. But when the freshness of grief passed away, and time sealed its fountains, their devotion to their stern creeds awakened, and their harsh voice of denunciation was again heard against the religion to which they were attracted in their night of woe, and which hovered around them as a bright angel of hope. But Universalism is no longer a mere consolatory religion. The progress of events has enabled the world to see its true character; and now, what were once looked upon as useless abstractions, are seen to be doctrines of infinite practical moment. Our views of the paternity of God, of his impartial goodness, his equal justice, his free grace and his eternal mercy, are working with omnipotent energy. Their effects are felt in all departments of society. Daily are they weakening the thrones of tyrants, the arm of oppression, and the power of all forms of injustice. They are infusing into the world a loftier and nobler spirit, and

making all classes understand their rights, feel their obligations, and willing to work for each other's good. Might no longer reigns with unquestioned sway; for all see that the eternal throne stands not merely upon power. It is a throne of justice, love, mercy and grace, as well as might. God is the eternal Guardian of right, and though haughty rulers combine to trample upon the weak and the poor, he will be their defence, and punish their oppressors.

Under the sway of such glorious views of God and his government, the moral precepts of the Gospel are clothed with a peculiar power. They call us to imitate the Being from whom they come, and their supreme excellence is seen in their agreement with his perfections. The impartial love, the even-handed justice, the forgiving mercy, and the active goodness which they require, render them transcripts of the divine nature; all that they demand is, that we should be imitators of God. How mighty then is the practical influence of Universalism. Every doctrine it contains gives man some great idea of right, goodness and duty, and calls him to noble achievements in toiling for the elevation of himself and the elevation of his brethren. As a system, Universalism is pre-eminently practical. It gives those views of God and his government, of human rights and interests and relations and destiny, which show that there is nothing in all the universe so valuable as goodness, and that this only can produce universal harmony and happiness.

The promulgation of such a religion is a work of no trifling importance. All who are faithful in it must expect to encounter a bitter and vindictive opposition. The enemies of human progress cling with a death grasp to the old dogmas of the Church. They fight with an untiring zeal for their cardinal doctrines, especially the doctrine of endless misery. If they yield this, they yield all. They will, therefore, concede nothing which tends to weaken it. Hence they resist all attempts to substitute mild for cruel punishments, to improve the condition of prisoners, and awaken a sympathy which shall extend to them its arms when they shall leave their dungeons. All these attempts, it is said, are in opposition to the dreadful sanctions of the Bible. There is vengeance in God, and there should be vengeance in human laws. Thus they have false premises and false conclusions. These vengeance advocates guard with unwearying assiduity their vengeance creed. They bring to its aid all their learning and talents. They ridicule our arguments, they sneer at our criticisms, and they denounce our papers, and books, and ministers. Thus it will be seen, that if we will drive all forms of cruelty and oppression and partiality out of the world, we must first drive out the doctrine of endless misery. This is their monster parent. By this they live; from it they draw their nourishment. But it is old and feeble, and now hardly able to sustain itself. Its friends are, and naturally enough perhaps, trying to make the progeny of this monster do what they can for the support of their infirm parent. Hence their efforts to sustain old forms of human vengeance. As, then, we desire to see justice and equality, mercy and kindness, prevail; and as we desire to see all men living together in the exercise of love, let us war against the doctrine of infinite vengeance, and establish that glorious doctrine which teaches that God is as good as he is wise, and as merciful as he is great.

We have much to encourage us. Everything we gain is a gain for humanity. Every mind we can free from the cruel fetters of the Church, brings another laborer into the field of reform. Besides, new laborers are constantly coming forward, and our glorious principles are finding advocates in men of all professions. Not only so, all are daily seeing more and more of the great practical worth of our religion. It is the world's hope, and the agent by which the world shall be made pure.

A paper devoted to the interests of such a religion ought to have the hearty support of all liberal men. They should feel it a duty sacredly incumbent upon them to extend its patronage. It is to our papers, more than to anything else, if we except the pulpit, that we are indebted for the present state of liberal principles. If we could send out ten thousand papers a week through our country, what an impetus would be given to the cause of truth. May we not then ask for the exertions of our ministers, our patrons, and all liberal friends? Now is the time for action. The opposers of truth are awake and in the field. Their books, their papers, their tracts, are everywhere. Their colporteurs and missionaries are spread throughout our whole ountry. The moment a man begins to doubt, he is beset by zealots, who overload him with works filled with slanders against liberal men and liberal principles. Our paper is needed to correct these slanders, to help the weak, to guide the inquiring, to defend the truth, and encourage its believers to do their duty. Our banner is hung upon the outer wall, and by the help of the Lord we will proclaim his truth, till the thousands sitting in darkness shall behold its brightness.

AT HOME.

By the kindness of Providence I have been permitted to return to my country and my friends, after an absence of six months; during which time I have visited the principal places of interest in Europe. It is pleasant to re-visit one's home, to receive the welcomings of those we love, to look upon faces and listen to voices familiar to us, to know that there are around us hearts that beat in unison with our own, and to receive the sure tokens of unbroken confidence and esteem. How complete the change! Instead of novelties and wonders, which excite the mind to a certain kind of enjoyment, and keep it constantly on the alert, the affections and sentiments are moved to action, and one feels more intensely and permanently a high moral tone, which sweeps through the whole heart and makes every chord vibrate with the song of thanksgiving to the Great Source of all good, and to kindle with the purest emotions towards those with whom we have been connected in the holiest relations of life. Never before did I realize so fully and forcibly the true import of those familiar words:

"'Mid pleasures and palaces."

Yes; "There is no place like home!" The American who has travelled much in foreign parts, asserts this with a proud assurance, such as he never felt before, and such as the denizen of no other country can feel. He utters a truth which the candid of all nations will not presume to deny, however envious of him some of them may be, on account of the superior advantages he enjoys to make *home* happy, and of which many, at the present time, are anxious to avail themselves. He is able to form a true estimation of the blessings of mental and moral, political, religious and social freedom, possessed by all in this country, when he has witnessed the enervating influence of the aristocratic institutions of other lands. He may have seen more gorgeous palaces, more sumptuous dwellings, more magnificent churches, yea, all the showy evidences of a venerable aristocracy; but along with all these come the sad reflections that this luxury is for the *Few*, while the MANY starve without; or, like Lazarus, feed upon the scanty crumbs grudgingly doled out to them by the task-masters of soul and body. The sensitive mind turns back from the beauty and splendor in nature and art, which he sees in the Old World, to the abodes of plenty and quiet in his own native land, and he feels thankful to God, that he has a "goodly heritage."

My journey through Europe has been, in some respects, a

rapid one. Yet I have left not a single place where I desired to prolong my stay. The facilities for traveling have been so much improved since the introduction of railroads, that the time occupied in passing from one place to another, is reduced to one-fourth of that required six years ago. I did desire to go farther, but a common prudence dictated my return. That scourge of the nations, the Asiatic Cholera, prevailed in nearly all the ports of the Levant, and especially in those through which we must pass. Besides, the sanitary regulations would have required us to go through three quarantines of some twenty days each, making in all more time than would have been required to complete our whole journey. So we reluctantly yielded to the force of circumstances, and hastened our return to our homes and duties.

I have been abundantly satisfied with my journey. It has more than equalled my expectations. I have seen and learned more than I thought it possible in the same length of time. Notwithstanding the positive assertion in a public document, that the "nature of my travels" could give me "little or no time to study the religious aspects and tendencies of the countries through which I might pass, or even to acquire a very accurate knowledge of *the most obvious facts*," in a way to do much for the "advancement of our holy faith at home or abroad," I trust I have gained some information which will be not only gratifying to myself, but "contribute" in some degree to establish an inter-communication which *may lead* to favorable results. I have learned many facts connected with "our holy faith abroad," which, I hope, will not be wholly uninteresting to our fraternity at "home;" but serve to stimulate us to greater fidelity to the good cause into which we have been called. I feel that I have done something for our denomination. Had my means been more abundant, I could have done more. But the dependence of a large family upon my weekly toil, and the entire absence of anythinglike public charity to aid me,so narrowed my means that I could not, of course, do everything I desired. I hope others will follow who will do more ample justice to a work in which I can claim no higher honor than having done what I could to *begin* it. I would also remark that some men can "*naturally*" acquire knowledge, on plain matters, with greater facility than others, and what might occupy one some weeks to acquire, is to another an easy task of a few days. Few men, perhaps, are qualified for good travelers. However deficient I may be in acquired abilities, "nature" has done something for me in that way, and the talent has not always lain in a napkin. I will boast of no more.

As soon as I can find leisure, I will make public some facts which will contrast finely with what has been going the rounds of certain Orthodox journals, touching the spread of Universalism in foreign countries. It may be that those Journalists know no better, and, on the score of ignorance, may hope to be forgiven for giving currency to falsehood. But I am inclined to think they do know better,and are taking this method to retard,as much as they can, the extension of a doctrine towards which all sects are approximating, and which will certainly triumph at last. At any rate, if they wish to know the truth, they shall have it; and along with it, perchance, an exposure of some of their pious machinations. I only regret I had not made still further investigations in some other places. This must be the work of some who shall come after.

The political commotions, all over Europe, tended somewhat to enhance the interest of our journey; but it also prevented us, in some degree, from forming a true estimate of the real condition of the nations. The nature of those excitements is such that hardly any distinct idea can be formed of their character and results. There is not a nation, not even a petty principality, that is not agitated to its very centre. The Papal See is in as deep trouble as any other State. And yet, except France, the old Governments retain a shadowy existence. They are shorn of their power, but the fleece has not yet been distributed to cover the nakedness of the people. The main source of the trouble, however, lies with the people themselves. They do not know how to make it into garments. Each has it in his grasp; but none know how to use it aright.

As soon as we find time and room, our readers may expect to have a more distinct recital of our information on these subjects, especially those which relate to the condition and progress of Universalism in Europe. Meanwhile we shall fetch up the remaining numbers of our letters, which were forwarded in advance of our return, up to our visit to Paris.

In looking over my published letters since my return, I find the Typos have not, in all cases, truly represented me. A full share of this fault I will take to myself. My writing, generally none of the best, (the printers say,) was not much improved by crowding near four times the usual amount of matter into a sheet in order to save postage, which was no small item in our expenses; nor by writing in great haste, late at night, after a fatiguing day in traveling or sight-seeing, or else early in the morning, with the hurry of the day before me. Our printer and proof-reader, no doubt, did their best to decipher my letters, and I forgive them. I hope our readers will remember to forgive me also. We will try to make ample amends in proof of our reformation.

W. S. B.

PROGRESS OF OUR FAITH—PRISON REFORM.

It is truly gratifying to the lovers of liberal principles, to witness the progress which they are making in all parts of the world. Every change which is made in the opinions of society, is favorable to these great principles. They are the basis of action among the revolutionists of the old world, and the mighty agencies by which despotisms are overthrown and the rights of the masses are secured. They are the guide of all seeking the abrogation of cruel laws and the establishment of milder forms of punishment. They are the moving power of the thousands who are toiling with noble zeal to break down all kinds of tyranny, and awaken in all hearts an active sympathy for the poor, the uneducated and the wronged. They are associated with every philanthropic movement, from the most august organizations down to the humblest efforts of the weakest. Men are everywhere beginning to realize the great doctrine of human brotherhood, and to feel the obligations of the blessed law of love. Christianity is seen to be a great system of mercy, which reveals a God of infinite goodness, who governs in equity and love. The old dogmas, which made his sovereignty infinite barbarity, his justice merciless revenge, and his glory the infliction of endless agony, are passing away; and men are everywhere acknowledging, that his sovereignty is that of an infinite Father, his justice the agent of goodness, and his glory the happiness of his dominions. The views for which we have long contended, are, in a great degree, incorporated into all the new theories on government, and are the texts from which eformers preach liberty, equality and fraternity. Every lecturer on progress who pleads the cause of humanity defends some fundamental principle by which our religion is distinguished.

As an illustration of the above remarks, we present the following extract from a speech delivered in this city on Prison Reform, by L. F. A. Buckingham, Esq., of England. It was made before a highly select audience, and received with great favor. Speaking upon the subject of punishment, he says:

"The Criminal, it is admitted, is to be punished; but what is

Punishment? What are the ends which are to be contemplated in its infliction? Punishment, says Mr. Taylor Lewis, is vengeance or retribution; and Dr. Cheever has sanctioned the definition, not only by the incorporation of the essay in which it occurs with his own work, but also by adopting it as the actual ground-work of his own views of Penal Legislation. Mr. B. went on to controvert this doctrine, which he characterized as pedantic trifling instead of grave reasoning concerning the attributes of justice. * * * These subtle and unscrupulous disputants have not hesitated to cast the mantle of Religion around the dogmas which form the bulwark of Oppression, and denounce as Infidels and Rebels against the will of Heaven, all who have dared to vindicate the eternal birthright of Humanity. They have succeeded in appalling the timid and unreflecting and thus shrouded their monstrous dogmas from the light of reason and the perception of mankind. Such doctrines became the devotees of absolute and despotic Government, but it was with surprise that he had seen them openly promulgated by an American citizen, who had recently distinguished himself by the brotherly love with which he had fraternized with the hangman, and the abounding zeal with which he had espoused the noble cause of human strangulation. * * * Christianity did not recognize this spirit of retaliation. For the antique retribution of 'an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, blood for blood, life for life,' its Divine Founder has substituted other and far different precepts. He preached mercy and not sacrifice; He declared that He came not to destroy, but to save; His disciples were to repay evil with good, to bless those who cursed, to pray for those who despitefully used them, to forgive an erring brother even till seventy times seven. He inculcated brotherly love and charity, in place of the vindictive retaliation permitted under the elder dispensation; and He bade the erring woman, whom the ancient law adjudged to die for her crime, to 'go and sin no more.'"

The speaker then proceeded to show by facts, that undue severity of punishment does not exercise a deterring agency. He adduced numerous instances to prove, that the re-commitment of convicts is great in proportion to the severity of their treatment. He concluded his able and instructive speech by giving a synopsis of Capt. Maconochie's system for the treatment of prisoners. We have room only for the following:

"First—That the duration of sentences be measured by labor and good conduct, combined with a remuneration for time. Second—A proportion of work performed, according to the amount to be credited to the convict, and a moderate charge to be made for provisions and other supplies, and a moderate fine added for misconduct; and the clear surplus, after all deductions, to count towards his liberation. Thus, by making him feel the burden of its maintenance, it is sought to place his fate in his own hands, at the same time training him in habits of prudent accumulation.

Third,—That in order to strengthen these moral checks, the prisoners be distributed into small parties, with common interests, and that pains be taken to cultivate kindly and social feelings among them.

Fourth,—That when moral impulses are partly established among them, they be confided in, and as little force as possible be used in governing them.

The Committee accorded a qualified assent to these principles, and recommended that they should be tested. Capt. Maconochie was consequently appointed to the government of Norfolk Island, for that purpose. In this Island, about twelve miles in circumference, he was placed in charge of about two thousand prisoners, fourteen hundred of whom were doubly convicted, that is, they were undergoing punishment for offences, committed before the expiration of their original term of transportation, and the remainder new convicts. He was directed to apply his system to the treatment of these last and to govern the rest by the old principle of coercion. This tended to implicate his position, and prevent him from carrying out his system perfectly, on account of the jealousies to which it gave rise. The government also refused to allow the marks gained by the prisoners to count towards their liberation, and he was obliged to substitute a comparatively low reward. The system, therefore, never received a fair and impartial trial.

Nevertheless, during the four years of Capt. Maconochie's administration, the prisoners, who had previously been in a state little short of barbarity, became orderly and comparatively peaceful; the Island could be traversed in security; the fruit and crops were untouched, and the ratio of crime, even at the commencement of the system, diminished from 6 1-4 to 2 1-2 per cent. Its efficacy, even under such strong disadvantages, has thus been satisfactorily tested."

We feel under great obligations to Mr. Buckingham for his excellent speech, and hope that during his stay in our country, his eloquent voice may be often heard, pleading the cause of justice and mercy. O. A. S.

DR. CHALMERS' ON UNIVERSALISM.

The following letter of Dr. Chalmers was sent to an elder of the Presbyterian church in England in reply to a letter, with some tracts on universal restoration.

"Dear Sir,—I quite agree with you as to the extreme danger of the doctrine propounded in the tracts which you have sent to me, a doctrine which not only is at express variance with the declarations of Scripture, but which, did it prevail, would banish all practical religion from our land.

The way in which it operates is this. You know the general disposition of men to postpone and procrastinate in the matter of their souls' salvation; from boyhood to youth, from youth to manhood, from manhood to old age. There is a perpetual tendency to defer the great question to a more convenient season, to a fitter and still future opportunity. Now tell me that there is also an opportunity on the other side of death; and this tendency will be kept up to the last half hour of our existence in the world. The question will be put off and adjourned till we come to die, and so religion be shuffled off from the stage of time altogether.

It is of mighty importance that the alternative of 'now or never' should be urged on all men. Let me just add, that whereas an eternal punishment is remonstrated against as utterly disproportionate to the sins of a short life; this is not the correct view of it. They who die impenitent carry their sinful habits into a future state, where men undergo not the penalties alone of their sins on earth, but fresh and ever recurring penalties for the fresh sins of that eternity which is made up of a dreary alternation between sins and sufferings, between transgressions which never cease, and so a vengeance which never ends.

I am, dear sir, yours truly,

THOMAS CHALMERS."

We cut the above from the N. Y. Observer of a recent date. As to the opinion expressed in the first paragraph, it is just what might be expected from a man that was educated in the belief of the doctrine of endless misery, and who was obliged by his profession, as well as inclined from prejudice, to defend it. The assertion, however, that Universalism is "at express variance with the declarations of Scripture," is easier made than proved, as has been a great many times demonstrated. It strikes us that even the mighty genius of Chalmers would find it difficult to reconcile his declaration with that of Peter, recorded in Acts iii. 20, 21—and many others that we might quote.

The second paragraph affords another illustration of the singular facility with which the defects in the doctrine of endless misery are sometimes charged to the acconnt of Universalism. With its long credit system, and its theological bankrupt law, the former affords every desirable opportunity to escape the threatened penalty altogether, and thus offers the strongest inducement to men, to procrastinate the work of repentance to the latest moment. Orthodoxy assures the sinner that "while the lamp holds out to burn, the vilest sinner may return," and that a death-bed repentance is as good as any; and why, both the old and the young reason with themselves, should we put ourselves to the trouble of getting religion before there is any need of it? Universalism, on the contrary, by assuring men of the indissoluble connection that God has established between "vice and misery," and of the absolute certainty of punishment in exact proportion to the transgressions that they commit, offers the most powerful inducement to heed the voice of infinite love, which calls upon "all men everywhere to repent," and to do it *now*.

As to the third paragraph, we should like to have the author

or some one of like faith, tell us, how upon the plan there proposed, the justice of God can ever be satisfied. It seems to be conceded that there would be no justice in punishing men endlessly for the sins committed in this life. But they deserve a certain amount of punishment for the sins committed here, and while they are receiving that punishment they will commit a still larger amount of sin, and thus subject themselves to another allotment of punishment, and so on from period to period through an eternal duration. Thus suppose the sins of this life to merit an hundred years of punishment, and while receiving that, the sinner commits enough to subject him to a punishment of another term of two hundred years. Now it seems to us that at the expiration of the first term, the justice of God will be just as far again from being satisfied as it was at the commencement, and so on from term to term the debt keeps accumulating ad infinitum, without any possibility of satisfying the claims of the divine vengeance upon the sinner. And yet we are told that the justice of God must be satisfied! Will the editor of the Observer, who is understood to concur in the views of Dr. Chalmers, explain to us how this can be done in accordance with the system of punishment that he proposes? S. C. B.

FAIR AND FESTIVAL OF THE MURRAY-STREET SOCIETY.

This grand social entertainment, took place at the Apollo Rooms, in Broadway, on Tuesday evening of last week. So admirable were the arrangements that, notwithstanding the immense crowd in attendance, everything passed off in the most orderly and agreeable manner, and apparently to the satisfaction of all present. We have never seen a happier company assembled on any occasion. The tables were tastefully and elegantly arranged, and presented a rich and tempting variety of articles, that were disposed of by the fair venders in a very satisfactory manner.

Not the least pleasing part of the entertainment, were the fine pieces that were sung and played in a very effective manner during the evening, and the spirit-stirring strains from Dodworth's unrivalled Band. The company were favored at the close of the evening, with several fine songs from those popular and inimitable vocalists, "the Campbells," who very generously volunteered their services for the occasion. The net receipts, as we are happy to learn, will probably amount to nearly *nine hundred dollars*.

S. C. B.

WHAT IS SALVATION?

Deliverance from eternal torment in the future state, is the answer which partialists give to this question. But we deny this, for the sufficient reason that men were never in danger of such torment, and consequently do not need to be saved from it. Christ declared that he came "to seek and to save that which *was* lost." Not to save from the danger of being lost in the future state, but to save them from the condition in which they actually were. Without the light of the Gospel men are lost in ignorance, unbelief and sin. To deliver them from the wretchedness involved in such a condition, and to bring them to the knowledge, belief and practice of the truth, is elevation. In the light of this definition it is by no means difficult to understand the purpose for which Christ came into the world, and the necessity for his coming. But if, as partialists contend, men are in danger of an eternal hell, we do not know who will save them from it. We are sure of one thing, however, and that is that Christ has never promised to do it, either conditionally or otherwise. Reader, if you doubt this, take your Bible and see if you can find a passage in which it is declared that Christ came to save sinners or anybody else from hell. S. C. B.

THE THREE PROPOSITIONS.

The entire argument in relation to the ultimate destiny of the human race, has been very briefly but fairly stated in the following form:

1. Either God can save all men, but will not; or 2. He would save all men, but cannot; or 3. He both can and will save all men. Inasmuch as the case does not admit of a fourth proposition, different from these, we are reduced to the necessity of selecting from one of these three. Reader, which will you take as expressive of your views on this all important subject?

The first is virtually contradicted by the express declaration of the Bible that "God will have all men to be saved." The second, by the equally explicit declaration that "His counsel shall stand, and that he will do all his pleasure."

If, then, you are a believer in the divine authority of the scriptures, you must admit that God has both the will and the ability to bless and to save all of his rational offspring. In short, you must be a Universalist.

R. I. SABBATH SCHOOL QUARTERLY CONFERENCE.

A very interesting session of the above named body was held in the vestry of Br. Bacon's Church on the evening of the 19th ult.

Br. Boyden was chosen Moderator, and Br. C. Damon Clerk.

The following is the substance of the resolutions discussed at the meeting as reported in the Trumpet.

1st. Is it the duty of the Sabbath School teacher to instruct the young in our peculiar doctrines?

2d. Is the doctrine of Universalism, as a whole, better calculated to restrain the young from vice than the contrary doctrine of partial salvation and endless misery?

3d. Do parents realize the importance of providing suitabl Sabbath School instruction for their children?

This is the substance, but perhaps not the precise phraseology of the questions.

"*Resolved*, That it is absolutely essential to success in teching, that parents and guardians be deeply impressed wit the moral grandeur of the Sabbath School Institution, that the may thereby be persuaded to a more zealous co-operatiou with us."

Addresses were offered by Bros. Bacon, Cook, Wales, Rhodes, Ballou, Boyden and Brooks.

It was voted that the committee appointed at the anual meeting designate the place for the next session, and that the next meeting of the conference be opened at 6 o'clock.

That Brs. Boyden, Ballou and Cook, be a committe to prepare business for the next meeting. And

That said Committee be requested to give son weeks previous notice of the nature and order of the busine.

EUTHANASY.

Crosby and Nichols of Boston, and Appl n & Co., New York, have published an admirable work, fro he pen of Wm. Mountford, entitled, EUTHANASY, OR HAPPY LK TOWARDS THE END OF LIFE. It is elegantly written, and one of the most purely spiritual books we have ever read. It gives a clear insight into the realities of the soul's inner e, and beautifully exhibits the triumphs of faith amid the str gles and trials of the world. Its influence in the culture of the art will be excellent. Its piety is not that of the dark ages, w n religion was driven into gloomy convents and dark cells; bu he piety of the Savior, which has purity without austerity gravity without moroseness, and fervor without fanaticis 466 pages 18mo.

The finest friendships have been f ed in mutual adversity as iron is the most strongly united b he fiercest flame.

CONFERENCE OF THE CAYUGA ASSOCIATION.

We learn from the Magazine and Advocate that the second Conference of the Cayuga Association, met agreeable to appointment, for public worship and the ordination of Br. N. Snell, on the fourth and fifth of October. There were five discourses delivered in the following order: by C. S. Brown, N. Snell, J. M. Peebles, two, and the ordination sermon by Br. J. M. Austin, which was an animated, excellent and appropriate discourse. The ordaining Prayer also by Br. Austin; charge and delivery of the Scriptures, by C. S. Brown; Right Hand of Fellowship, by Br. J. M. Peebles, which was a very happy effort on his part, and very affecting to him and the congregation, he having been the former pastor of the Society.

There was a Conference at Etna, Tompkins Co., the last day of September, and first of October, at the Baptist Meeting house. Although the weather was very unfavorable, yet on the Sabbath there was a very good attendance. Brs. T. L. Clark, of Clarendon, and A. G. Clark, of McLean, were present. As it was the first meeting that our friends have had in Etna for a number of years, our object was to subdue prejudice if possible and open the way for some one to declare the truth more fully. Time alone will determine the result; though a more friendly spirit has been manifested than before. For many had entertained such strange notions in relation to us and our views, that when they came to hear what we did believe, they were happily disappointed.

THE CHAUTAUQUE ASSOCIATION.

This body met at Laconia, Sept. 13th. Br. N. Stacy, Moderator, and Br. F. M. Alvord, Clerk. Brs. Gowdy, Alexander and Clough were appointed a Committee on Fellowship and Ordination, and Brs. S. Paine, and F. M. Alvord clerical, and L. Clough and J. Palmeter, lay, delegates to the State Convention. It was voted that each Society within the bounds of the Association be requested to take up a collection for the purpose of defraying the expenses of the delegates to the State Convention, and the money thus collected to be forwarded to the Standing Clerk by the first of April next. The rule recommended by the State Convention at its late session relative to an avowal or declaration of faith on the part of ministers, and their removal from one Association to another, was adopted in form similiar to that of sister Associations.

HOW TO PAY YOUR SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Several of our friends have written to know how they shall send us the pay for the paper, or to whom they shall pay. We answer, once for all, if there is an agent in your neighborhood pay to him, if not enclose the money in a letter, take it to the Postmaster, show him the contents, and request him to frank it. The instructions of the Department allow this, and any gentleman, such as all Postmasters ought to be, will attend to it cheerfully. All that it is necessary to say in the letter is simply, which form of the paper is desired, and to whom the money should be credited, together with the Post Office address of the subscriber.

As an encouragement to our friends to remit their dues to us by mail, we may state a fact, which is certainly very much to the credit of those engaged in the Post Office, that of the hundreds of dollars that have been sent us in this way during the past year, we are not aware that we have lost a single dollar.

Value of ice.—The supply of ice was nearly exhausted in New Orleans early in September, and it sold as high as ten cents per pound, when two cargoes unexpectedly arrived from the north.

SPECIMEN NUMBERS.

We take the liberty to send to our friends in different sections of the country who are not subscribers a copy of our paper in the hope that they may be induced to give us their patronage. Should any feel inclined to subscribe, if they will inclose two dollars in a letter and direct it to S. C. Bulkeley & Co., 140 Fulton-street, a receipt will be promptly returned, and they may be sure of receiving the paper for one year. Or should they prefer the Ambassador, which contains the same matter as the Messenger, in a form convenient for binding, they can inclose to us two dollars now, and three at the commencement of the next volume.

If any who receive the specimen do not choose to subscribe they need not take the trouble to return the paper, but will confer a favor upon the publishers, if they will hand it to any one in their neighborhood who may be disposed to subscribe.

OWN YOUR FAULTS.

"The wise man," says Confucius, "blushes at his faults, but is not ashamed to amend them." This is a proverb worthy the consideration of all. He that is ashamed to amend his faults, can never expect to improve. Not only so. He is chargeable with the guilt of wilfully adhering to what he knows is wrong. Own your faults then. If you have injured your neighbor, uttered a hasty expression, done an unjust act or excited a false prejudice against a person, own it, and make amends for your wrong.

TEMPERANCE.

Zoroaster says, "Temperance is the strength of the mind. Man is dead in the intoxication of wine." It was in accordance with this maxim, that it was said, "He who speaks harshly to a drunken man, abuses the absent." What a degrading vice is that which banishes man from his own body, which converts reason into folly and judgment into stupidity.

REMOVALS.

We learn from the Trumpet that Br. A. Hichborn, has tendered his resignation of the Society at S. Reading, and contemplates removing to Halifax, N. S.

Br. Joseph Sargent has removed from Barnard to South Barre Vt.

Br. J. G. Forman has removed to Boston Mass. and desires to be addressed accordingly.

FRIENDSHIP.

Confucius has many wise rules of duty—rules which thousands of Christians would be greatly benefitted by observing. All his rules, however, are not wise. The following is one of this class. "Never contract friendship with a man that is not better than thyself." This would be a very difficult rule to regard; for it would not be very easy for *every man* to find one *better* than himself.

THE UNDYING WORM AND UNQUENCHABLE FIRE.

Br. O. A. Skinner will preach a sermon in the Orchard-street Church on Sunday evening next—subject: "And if thy hand offend thee, cut it off: it is better for thee to enter into life maimed, than having two hands to go into hell, into the fire that never shall be quenched: where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched." Mark ix. 43, 44.

Service at 7 1-2 o'clock.

VOLUMES FOR BINDING.

Those who desire our paper in a form convenient for binding, will do well to send in their orders early in the volume, as we shall print but a limited edition of that form of the paper, and consequently shall be unable to supply orders for back numbers for any considerable length of time. We mention this now so as to avoid disappointment on the part of our subscribers, as several who desire the last volume of the Ambassador, but neglected to make their wishes known in season, are unable to obtain it, we not having a single copy that is unengaged. We have several odd numbers on hand, which we can furnish to such as need them to complete their volumes, if applied for soon. Those who desire to have their volumes bound, can have them done in a very neat and cheap manner by sending them to this office.

We have in hand, and shall publish shortly, a sermon from Mr. Coquerell, of Paris, entitled "Salvation in all Churches." We shall also publish the sermon which we have promised from Br. Chapin, in a few weeks.

Miscellaneous Department.

Original.

AUTUMN—SUMMER MEMORIES.

BY REV. NELSON BROWN.

The trees are in the sere and yellow leaf;
With solemn garb all nature now is dressed.
The summer's brightness! ah, to me how brief,
Yielding the heart no joy nor hope nor rest.
Its smiles, and joys and flowers have passed away;
Its smiles were not for me—The suns were bright,
The fields were lovely in their green array,
And yet, mid suns and flowers, to me it has been night.
Though flowers the air perfumed in blossoming,
And bright plumed birds so blithsomely did sing,
Yet ah, the sorrowing mind
No rest 'mid all this loneliness could find!

To me no cheer comes with the sun's bright beams,
No gladness in the birds glad minstrelsy,
No joy in murmurings of the laughing streams;
The soul was sad mid all this melody.
For me were not the gladness, songs nor flowers;
They seemed oft times to shun my eye and ear;
And when I wandered 'mid the pleasant bowers,
To view the scenes once to my heart so dear,
Each flower did *weep* and hang its tiny head;
Nature itself seemed mourning for the loved—the dead!

* * * *

Eden Vale, Oct. 1848.

From Lamartine's History of the Girondists.*

TRIAL AND EXECUTION OF CHARLOTTE CORDAY.

When she was seated on the bench of the prisoners, she was asked if she had a defender. She replied that a friend had undertaken this office, but not seeing him, she supposed his courage had failed him. The president then assigned her the young Chauveau Lagarde, afterwards illustrious by his defence of the Queen, and already famous for his eloquence and courage in causes and times when the advocate shared the peril of his client. Chaveau Lagarde placed himself at the bar Charlotte gazed on him, as though she feared lest, to save her life, her defender would abandon some part of her honor.

The widow of Marat wept while giving her evidence. Charlotte, moved by her grief, exclaimed—

"Yes, yes,—'twas I that killed him."

She then related the premeditation of the act for three months; her project of stabbing him in the convention: and the *ruse* she had employed to obtain access to him.

"I confess," said she, with humility, "that this means was unworthy of me; but it was necessary to appear to esteem this man in order to obtain access to him."

"Who inspired you with this hatred of Marat?" she was asked.

"I did not need the hatred of any one else," she replied. "My own was sufficient; besides, you always execute badly that which you have not devised yourself.

"What did you hate in him?"

"His crimes."

"What did you hope to effect by killing him?"

"Restore peace to my country."

"Do you, then, think that you have assassinated all the Marats"

"Since he is dead, perhaps the others will tremble."

The knife was shown her that she might recognize it. She pushed it from her with a gesture of disgust.

"Yes," replied she: "I recognize it."

"What persons did you vist at Caen?"

"Very few; I saw Larue, a municipal officer, and the Cure of Saint Jean."

"Did you confess to a conforming or non-juring priest?"

"Neither one nor the other."

"Since when had you formed this design?"

"Since the 31st of May, when the deputies of the people were arrested. I have killed one man to save a hundred thousand. I was a republican long before the Revolution."

Fauchet was confronted with her.

"I only know Fauchet by sight," said she, disdainfully. "I look on him as a man devoid of principles; and I despise him."

The accuser reproached her with having dealt the fatal stroke downward, in order to render it more certain, and observed she must be well exercised in crime. At this suggestion which destroyed all her ideas, by assimilating her to professed murderers, she uttered a cry of horror,

"Oh the monster!" exclaimed she, "he takes me for an assassin!"

Fouquier Tinville summed up, and demanded that sentence of death sould be passed.

Her defender rose. "The accused, said he, confesses her crime, she avows its long premeditation, and gives the most overwhelming details. Citizens, this is her whole defence. This imperturbable calm and entire forgetfulness of self, which reveals no remorse in the presence of death—this calm and this forgetfulness, sublime in one point of view, is not natural: they can only be explained by the excitement of political fanaticism, which placed the poignard in her hand. It is for you to decide what weight so stern a fanaticism should have in the balance of justice. I leave all to your consciences."

The jury unanimously sentenced her to die. She heard this verdict unmoved; and the president having asked her if she had anything to say relative to the punishment inflicted on her, she made no reply; but turning to her defender, "Monsieur," said she, "you have defended me as I wish to be defended; I thank you; I owe you a proof of my gratitude and esteem, and I offer you one worthy of you. These gentlemen (pointing to the judges) have just declared my property confiscated; I owe something in the prison, and I bequeath to you the payment of this debt."

During her examination, she observed a painter engaged in taking her likeness; without interrupting the examination, she smilingly turned toward the artist, in order that he might the better see her features. She thought of immortality, and already sat for her portrait to immortality.

Behind the painter stood a young man, whose fair hair, blue eyes, and pale complexion, marked him for a native of the north. His eyes were riveted on the prisoner; and at each reply, he shuddered and changed color. He seemed to drink in her words, and to associate himself by gesture, attitude, and enthusiasm, with the sentiments she expressed. Unable frequently to repress his emotion, he drew to himself, by involuntary exclamations, the attention of the audience and of Charlotte Corday. At the moment when the president passed sentence of death, the young man rose from his seat, with

* Recently published by the Harpers.

the gesture of a man who protests from the bottom of his heart, and then sunk back, as though his strength had failed him. Charlotte, insensible to her own fate, perceived this movement, and comprehended that, at the moment when all on earth had abandoned her, a kindred spirit attached itself to hers, and that, amidst this hostile or indifferent throng, she possessed an unknown friend, and she thanked him with a look.

This young stranger was Adam Lux, a German republican, sent to Paris by the revolutionists of Mayence, to concert the movements of Germany with those of France, in the common cause of human reason and the liberty of the people. His eyes followed Charlotte, until she disappeared among the *gens d'arms* beneath the arch of the stairs. His thoughts never quitted her.

On her return to the Conciergerie, which was so soon to yield her up to the scaffold, Charlotte Corday smiled on her companions in prison, who had ranged themselves in the corridors and courts to see her pass. She said to the conceirge:

"I had hoped that we should breakfast together once more but the judges have detained me so long that you must forgive me for having broken my word."

The executioner arrived; she requested him to allow her time to finish a letter, which was neither the outpouring of weakness nor regret, but the last act of wounded friendship—addressing an eternal reproach to the cowardly spirit which had abandoned her.

It was addressed to Doulcet de Pentecoulant, whom she had seen at her aunt's, and on whom she believed she had called in vain to be her defender. The letter was as follows:

"Doulcet de Pentecoulant is a coward to have refused to defend me when it was so easy. He who undertook it performed his task with all possible dignity, and I shall retain a grateful recollection of him to my last moments."

Her indignation was unjust; the young Pentecoulant, who was absent from Paris, had not received her letter; his generosity and courage were a sufficient guaranty that he would have accepted the office; and Charlotte bore an error and injustice to the scaffold.

The artist who had sketched Charlotte's likeness at the tribunal, was M. Hauer, a painter and officer of the national guard, of the section of the Theatre Francais. On her return to the prison, she requested the concierge to allow him to finish his work, and, on his arrival, Charlotte thanked him for the interest he appeared to take in her, and quietly sat to him, as though, while she permitted him to transmit her form and features to posterity, she also charged him to hand down her mind and her patriotism to unborn generations. She conversed with M. Hauer on his profession, the events of the day and the peace of mind she felt after the execution of her design; she also spoke of her young friend at Caen, and requsted him to paint a miniature from the portrait, and send it to her family.

Suddenly a knock was heard at the door, and the executioner entered. Charlotte, turning round, perceived the scissors and red chemise he carried over his arm.

"What already," exclaimed she, turning pale. Then recovering her composure, and glancing at the unfinished portrait, 'Monsieur,' said she to the artist, "I know not how to thank you for the trouble you have taken; I have only this to offer you. Keep it in memory of your kindness and gratitude."

As she spoke, she took the scissors from the executioner, and severing a lock of her long fair hair, gave it to M. Hauer.

This portrait, interrupted by death, is still in the possession of the family of M. Hauer. The head only was painted, and the bust merely sketched. But the painter, who watched the preparations for the scaffold, was so struck with the sinister splendor added by the red chemise to the beauty of his model, that after Charlotte's death he painted her in this costume.

A priest, sent by the public accuser, presented himself to offer the last consolation of religion. 'Thank,"said she to him, 'those who have had the attention to send you, but I need not your ministry. The blood I have spilt, and my own which I am about to shed, are the only sacrifices I can offer the Eternal." The executioner then cut off her hair, bound her hands, and put on the *chemise des condamnes*. "This," said she, "is the toilet of death, arranged by somewhat rude hands, but it leads to immortality."

She collected her long hair, looked at it for the last time, and gave it to Madam Richard. As she mounted the fatal car, a violent storm broke over Paris, but the lightning and rain did not disperse the crowd who blocked up the squares, the bridges, and the streets which she passed. Hordes of women or rather furies, followed her with the fiercest imprecations; but insensible to these insults, she gazed on the populace with eyes beaming with serenity and compassion.

The sky cleared up, and the rain which wetted her to the skin, displayed the exquisite symmetry of her form, like that of a woman leaving the bath. Her hands bound behind her back, obliged her to hold up her head, and this forced rigidity of the muscles gave more fixity to her attitude, and set off the outlines of her figure. The rays of the sitting sun fell on her head; and her complexion, heightened by the red chemise, seemed of an unearthly brilliancy. Robespierre, Danton, and Camille Desmoulins, had placed themselves on her passage, to gaze on her, for all those who anticipated assassination were curious to study in her features the expression of that fanaticism which might threaten them on the morrow. She resembled celestial vengeance appeased and transfigured, and from time to time she seemed to seek a glance of intelligence on which her eye could rest. Adam Lux awaited the cart at the entrance of the Rue St. Honore, and followed it to the foot of the scaffold. "He engraved in his heart," to quote his own words, "this unutterable sweetness, amid the barbarous outcries of the crowd, that looks so gentle yet penetrating—those vivid flashes that broke forth like burning ideas from these bright eyes, in which spoke a soul as intrepid as tender. Charming eyes which should have melted a stone."

Thus an enthusiastic and unearthly attachment accompanied her, without her knowledge, to the very scaffold, and prepared to follow her, in hope of an eternal re-union. The cart stopped, and Charlotte, at the sight of the fatal instrument, turned pale, but, soon recovering herself, ascended the scaffold with as light and rapid a step as the long chemise and her pinioned arms permitted. When the executioner, to bare her neck, removed the handkerchief that covered her bosom, this insult to her modesty moved her more than her impending death; then, turning to the guillotine, she placed herself under the axe. The heavy blade fell, and her head rolled on the scaffold. One of the assistants, named Legros, took it in his hand and struck it on the cheek. It is said that a deep crimson suffusion overspread the face, as though dignity and modesty had for an instant lasted longer even than life.

Such was the death of Marat; such were the life and death of Charlotte Corday. In the face of murder, history does not praise, and in the face of heroism, dares not condemn her. The appreciation of such an act places us in the terrible alternative of blaming virtue or applauding assassination. Like the painter who, despairing of rendering the expression of a mingled sentiment, cast a veil over the face of the figure, we must leave this mystery to be debated in the abysses of the human heart.

There are deeds of which men are no judges, and which mount, without appeal, direct to the tribunal of God. There are in human actions so strange a mixture of weakness and strength, pure intent and culpable means, error and truth, murder and martyrdom, that we know not whether to term them crime or virtue. The culpable devotion of Charlotte Corday is among those acts which admiration and horror would leave eternally in doubt, did not morality reprove them. Had we to find for this sublime liberatrix of her country, and generous murderess of a tyrant, a name which should at once convey the enthusiasm of our feelings toward her and the severity of our judgement on her action, we would coin a phrase combining the extreme of admiration and horror, and term her the Angel of Assassination.

A few days afterwards, Adam Lux published the "Apology of Charlotte Corday" and associated himself with her deed, in order to share her martyrdom. Arrested and sent to the Abbaye, he exclaimed, as he entered the prison, "I shall die, then, for her." He perished soon after, saluting, as the altar of Liberty and love, the scaffold which the blood of his model had hallowed. The heroism of Charlotte was sung by the poet Andre Chenier, who was himself so soon to die for that common fatherland of all great souls—pure liberty.

"Whose is this tomb?" sings the German poet, Klopstock. "It is the tomb of Charlotte. Let us gather flowers and scatter them over her ashes, for she is dead for her country. No, no; gather nothing; let us seek a weeping willow, and plant it o'er her tomb, for she is dead for her country. No, no; plant nothing; but weep and let your tears be blood, for she is dead in vain for her country. Vergniaud, on learning in his dungeon, of the crime, trial, and death of Charlotte, exclaimed, "She destroys us, but she teaches us how to die."

Youth's Department.

JAMES LUMBARD, EDITOR.

TO J—— S.—— OF GLENS FALLS.

BY L. C. R.

Dear boy, thine is a happy lot,
Cast in affection's warm embrace;
On thy fair face and noble brow,
No line of sorrow can we trace.

But there's an impress thou dost bear,
That tells me of thy future lot;
And while I gaze long years pass by,
And tender childhood is forgot.

I see thee reach to manhood's prime,
As in thy childhood free from sin;
The tempter's art allures thee not,
For holy thoughts lie deep within.

Still linger round thy daily path,
The hallowed scenes of youth's young love;
The memories of thy mother's prayer,
Are angel's visits from above.

I see thee teach the erring one
To shun the path beset with woe;
Lead up young spirits to the heights,
Where truth and love's pure radiance glow.

Then go, dear boy, we murmur not,
God's all protecting loving arm
Shall be with thee in light and gloom,
Most when thou battlest in the storm.

Wrentham, Mass.

From the Reflector and Watchman.

THE HIDDEN TREASURE . . . .A FAIRY TALE.

BY MISS. T. P. SMITH.

"A fairy tale, O mother!" exclaimed several little voices at once, as Mrs. J. took her seat at the accustomed hour to tell the children a story. "Now mother do tell us a fairy tale; everybody says they are the most entertaining, and you know when Cousin M. sent Mary Howitt's fairy tales, she said fairy tales were quite fashionable." "Well," said the mother, "I had as lief tell a fairy tale as any other, but first tell me what you think is the meaning of "*fairy*." One replied "beautiful being"; another did not know: but the eldest boy said he thought fairies were "imaginary beings." Taking that for a definition, his mother thon began the fairy tale called.

THE HIDDEN TREASURE.

One evening as a poor man and his wife with five or six children were sitting at the door of their cottage, one of the children said, O, father, how poor we are! I do wish a good fairy would come and tell us where we might find a great treasure. I guess I would not sit all day idle any more, and have so little to eat." No sooner said than done—a beautiful woman, with radiant countenance, stood before them, who said, "Little boy, I heard you wish, and if you will obey my directions, you may find a great treasure." Then, turning to the man, she said, "A treasure lies hid in your grounds; if you will seek for it, you *will find*, and may *have it*; it is not three feet from the surface either; *begin to morrow to dig for it*." She then went away. The children clapped their hands for joy, and the man and his wife could hardly credit their ears that, they had really heard such a thing; for they were very poor indeed; though the man had a large tract of land, it was uncultivated, yielded nothing, barely sufficient pasturage for a poor cow, which afforded them almost the only sure nourishment they had. They were poor, idle, discontented people, and the children half starved; so to be sure they were glad enough to hear the fairy's words, and could hardly wait till the morning to begin to dig. They were up with the sun; those that could get shovels dug with them, those that could not, worked with their hands. In a few days they had dug a considerable of a place over, and several times they thought they had come upon the treasure but it was only stones; they went on so for several weeks, but had not found the treasure.

One night, as they sat at the door the beautiful fairy again appeared. "Well," said she, "you havn't found the treasure yet! No matter, dig away, *you'll find it some time or other*: meantime, Mr. Goodman, you must not let these little folks starve: get some corn, throw into that patch you have dug, and have some corn growing. I'll come again by and by—dig away, *you'll find the treasure*: so she went away.

"That's a capital idea," said the father, (Good man,) "I'll get some corn, and plant there to morrow." So he did, and as they dug for the treasure, it pleased them to see how soon the corn sprung up, and ripened, and what a crop they had; and the cornstalks made nice food for the cow, too. The mother dug for the treasure, sometimes, and having become accustomed to it, they all accomplished together quite a large piece in a short time; and soon the good fairy appeared again. She said "she knew they had not found the treasure yet, but she was afraid the young children had become tired of digging and she thought they had better go into the woods, and get some wild strawberries, and put into the last piece they had dug; it was just the place to make strawberries very large and it would please them; but dig on, said she, you will *certainly find the treasure yet*; so the next day, the children went and brought home baskets of strawberry roots, and planted a nice bed of them; then they dug away again for the treasure.

One day they dug a terrible hard piece of the land, and had to pull up some old tree-stumps and stones, &c. round a large cherry tree behind the house, and they were very tired. That night a traveler came that way, and had to stop there over night, they lived so far from any other house. As they had no barn, he tied his horse to this cherry tree, and gave him his oats out of a bag he brought on his back. The traveler went away next morning, but in a few days they found that the oats the horse had spilled and scattered had sprung up in the nicely-dug ground, and they had a little field of oats! This pleased Mr. Goodman very much and when the good fairy next appeared, he told her of it. "Oh, yes," she said, "it would be a good plan to plant something in each place as you dig it she said the next time she came she would bring some seeds for them. So they had another object for which to dig beside the finding of the treasure—to see the things growing.

She was as good as her word, and brought the seeds, and they had dug so well they could plant a great many melons, and other nice things which they never had before in their lives: and the soil was so good, and had been so nicely dug and turned over for the treasure, that the plants grew so rapidly, and ripened so soon, that the next time she came she told them they had better stop digging a while, just till they could take care of the oats, and strawberries, melons, and other things. They had eaten as much of them as they wanted all the season, and sold some to the nearest houses, and now Mr. Goodman said they would go next week to the nearest market town with the rest. So they went. The market people said the strawberries were the largest they had ever seen, and their melons brought the highest price; and the mother surprised them all by showing a cheese she had made from the milk of their cow, which had yielded twice as much, having had better feed. The youngest children had carried each two baskets of strawberries, (the baskets they made of willow twigs,) while the elder ones and their father were loaded with melons, pears, beans, corn, &c. and they had sold them and come out of the town on their way home, a happier family never were seen They all had a handful of money they had earned themselves! When they got home they sat round a table, and putting all their money upon it sat looking in wonder and joy. They had never seen so much in all their lives before; they were so pleased, they had quite forgotten the treasure they had dug so hard and so long for, till the fairy put her head in at the door.

"How beautiful your farm looks!" said she, "and your cherry tree will bear bushels of nice cherries next season, now you have dug away all those stones and stumps from the roots. See how it is branching out! and what have you here looking on the table, "Money! silver! dollars! Ah!" said she, "*Did I not tell you there was a hidden treasure in your ground*

that you would certainly find, if you dug for it? This heap of money is the least part of the treasure you have found by digging.

"Look how healthy you all have become! how industrious and useful your children have become—how hopeful and happy you are! Look at your farm now, where was nothing but stumps and stones before you dug, is now a garden and fields! Yes, you have found more than *one treasure*—and now, should you like to know my name? I am called "Industry, or the Poor Man's Fairy.' I always know and tell where a treasure is, to all—children even, if they will listen to my voice and words; adieu, adieu," and she kissed her hand and disappeared, leaving them still looking at *the treasure* they had found.

The children thought this was such a nice fairy tale and called so clamourously for another, that Mrs. S. told them she would think of another for the next evening and if the young folks who read this like it, she will write the next down for them to read in the *Reflector and Watchman*.

THE MISCHIEVOUS BOY.

BY. ISAAC T. HOPPER.

I resided in Philadelphia, in the vicinity of a market. One evening, as I was quietly sitting with my family, I heard a loud rap at my front door. I immediately went to the door, and was surprised, on opening it, to find no one there. I shut the door, and turned to go to the parlor. I had hardly proceeded a yard before rap, rap, went the knocker again. I hastily opened the door, but no one was to be seen. I concluded that some mischievous boy was disposed to have a little sport at my expense, but as I was not willing to be annoyed with mischief I shut the door and kept hold of it. Very soon the raps were repeated. I suddenly oppened the door; but nobody was to be seen. The evening was dark, and as I stood in the door the raps were renewed for a few seconds. I stood in astonishment; but upon putting my hand upon the knocker, the mystery was unravelled. I found a string tied to it, and my little persecutor was standing behind one of the pillars of the market with one end in his hand, operating upon my knocker at his pleasure. I closed the door and went out a back way, passed down the street on the foot-way, till I got some distance below the lad, when I turned and came up behind him, and took hold of his arm. He was very much alarmed, and began to entreat me to let him go, when the following dialogue took place.

"Well, my lad, thou art amusing thyself at my expense. I want thee to go home with me."

"Oh, you are going to whip me; please let me go, and I will never do so again."

"I will not whip thee, but thou must go home with me."

After repeated assurances that I would not whip him, at length the poor fellow consented; but he had no faith in my promise not to whip him, and went in with the full expectation that he was to be punished. I seated him in the parlor, and took a seat by his side. He was a bright-looking little fellow, about thirteen or fourteen years of age.

I asked him if he went to school.

He replied that he did.

"Canst thou read?" I inquired.

"Yes."

"Well, let us read a few chapters in the Bible."

I opened the Bible, read a chapter and then gave it to him; and I was much pleased to discover that he could read so well.

We spent about an hour in that manner, when I remarked, that we had spent the evening very pleasantly together, but I now thought it was about time for him to go home.

"If thy father or mother inquires where thou hast been," I said, "tell them that thou hast been spending the evening with me; and when thou feelest an inclination to be a little mischievous, call upon me. I shall always be pleased to see thee."

He left my house rejoicing, and never troubled me afterward.

Youth's Cabinet.

SPIDER BAROMETERS.

The manner in which spiders carry on their operations conformably to the impending changes of the atmosphere, is simply this if the weather is likely to be rainy, windy or in other respects disagreeable, they fix the terminating filaments, on which the web is suspended, unusually short, and in this state they await the influence of a temperature which is remarkably variable. On the contrary, if the terminating filaments are made uncommonly long, we may, in proportion to their length, conclude that the weather will be serene, and continue so at least for ten or twelve days. But if the spiders be totally indolent, rain generally succeeds; though, on the other hand, their activity during the rain is the most certain proof that it will be only of short duration, and followed with fair and very constant weather.

According to further observations, the spiders regularly make some alterations in their webs every twenty four hours. If the changes take place between the hours of six and seven in the evening, they indicate a clear and pleasant night. G.

Youth's Cabinet.

Never buy what you do not want because it is cheap; it will be dear to you.

Never put off till to-morrow, that which you can do as well to-day.

DEDICATION AND INSTALLATION.

The Universalist Church in Norwich, Conn., having been enlarged and re-modeled, will be dedicated to the worship of "God, the Savior of the world," on Wednesday November 15th. Service to commence at 2 o'clock, P. M.

Sermon by the Rev. Moses Ballou.

In the evening of the same day, Rev. E. W. Reynolds will be installed as pastor of the First Universalist Church and Society in Norwich Services to commence at 7 o'clock.

Sermon by Rev. Henry Bacon.

The Installing Council will meet in the Vestry of the Church at 9 oclock, A. M.

A cordial invitation is extended to all, both ministers and people, to attend and unite with us in the worship and joys of the occasion.

Per order C. Tracy, Secretary.

CONFERENCE.

A Conference of the Hudson River Association will be held at Braman's Corners, the third Wednesday and Thursday, (the 16th and 17th) of November. A cordial invitation is extended to ministers and friends generally to attend. Those who come by railroad or canal, will stop at Port Jackson, opposite Amsterdam, where friends will be in waiting with conveyances to take them to the place of meeting.

J. A. Aspinwall, Standing Clerk.

SERVICES IN THE UNIVERSALIST CHURCH IN NORWICH.

The Pastor of this Church, Rev. E. Winchester Reynolds, will commence Sabbath evening, Nov. 12th, a series of Discourses on the following subject: Universalism; its nature, its evidences and its claims. One discourse on this subject will be given every Sabbath evening following, until the completion of the series.

During the fall and winter, Discourses will also be delivered in this Church, on various controverted passages of scripture, on the Reformation in the sixteenth Century (a series of four discourses,) and on other subjects connected with the theory, history and pratice of Christianity.

RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

☞ In consequence of the storm on Sunday last, Br. O. A. Skinner's fourth sermon on Creeds was postponed to next Sabbath morning. Subject: 'The Faith necessary to constitute a Christian.'

Br. S. J. Hillyer will preach in New Preston Conn. Friday evening Nov. 10. Wolcottville Saturday evening 11th, Winsted Sunday 12 A. M. Barkhampsted 2 1-2 P. M., and Woodbury Tuesday evening 14.

Br. Bulkeley will preach in Camptown, N. J. the second Sunday in November, at 10 1-2 A. M., at Jefferson Village at 1-2 past 2—and at Middleville, at 6 P. M.

Br. Bulkeley, will preach in Woodbridge, N. J. the third Sunday in November, at 1-4 before 11 A. M., and in the School house near Br. Tappan's in the evening.

Br. B. B. Hallock, will preach in Blauveltville, the 2d Sunday in

November, morning and afternoon, and at Piermont in the evening.

Br. T. Elliott will preach in Newtown, Ct., the second Sunday, Nov. 12, and in Hattertown in the evening. In Stepney Monday evening, 13, and in Westtton, Tuesday evening, 14th.

Br. Elliott will preach in the school house on Chestnut Hill, near Br. Finch's, on Saturday evening, Nov. 25th; in Westport, Sunday 26th, and in the Townhouse in Norwalk, in the evening.

BUSINESS ITEMS.

Br. A. Mudge:—Stop Miscellany to James H. Chichester, this city, and send bill to this office for collection.

Br. Tompkins:—Credit Mrs. Eliza Stevens of Prompton, Pa., $2, and charge this office, and stop the Repository when her payment expires.

MARRIAGES.

Nov. 3d., by Rev. O. A. Skinner, Mr. Peter Strand, to Miss Margaret Ackerman.

In Bridgeport, on the 30th ult., by Rev. M. Ballou, Mr. Albert Scott, to Miss Caroline Seely.

DEATHS.

In this city on the 2d inst., of Consumption, Mr. James Madison Brower, in the 35th year of his age.

Sorrow for the dead, and sympathy with the living, renders this brief tribute to the memory of Matilda, wife of General Ray G. Burlingame, who departed this life at Westerly, R. I., on the morning of the 18th of October, in the 47th year of her age. In the growth of a noisier piety, that effervesces and evaporates in seasons of great religious excitement, we are apt to overlook or underrate that constantly active principle of goodness, which lays the foundation of all moral excellence, and without which the highest professions become as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal. But if we are to regard as ensamples of her sex those who reduce to practice and seduolusly cultivate the graces which diffuse a spirit of love and happiness through our domestic and social relations and whose characters, not only at home, but in the sick room of the stranger and friend, growing brighter, reveal the loveliest attributes of the woman's nature, we may safely follow the precedent of our depated sister, who so far as she went about doing good, followed in the footsteps of our compassionate Redeemer. Nor was there in her benevolence an atom of that selfishness which waits to be sent for, or of the discriminating charity too often bounded by sectional and sectarian prejudices. Nor can such a spirit possibly result from the perfect workings of a theory, world wide and comprehensive, and embracing in "its glad tidings of great joy," all whom the ties of a common humanity and common infirmities have entitled to the boon of human sympathy and divine forgiveness. Her own family were the peculiar objects of her care and tenderness and so far as the assiduous and unwearied attention of her daughters, can repay the watchfulness of a mother's love, that love was repaid through a long and distressing illness to the latest hour of life, and faltered not when at the threshold of death, the heart beat its last stroke and settled to the pulseless stillness of the tomb. And so far as goodness is rewarded in this life, the measure which she had meted to others, was retured four fold into the bosom of hersel and family by the friends and neighbors who waited beside her through her illness in the capacity of nurse and watchers. A good wife, an affectionate mother and a kind friend, she has gone to her rest and her reward, and the writer feels justified in appropriating here the lines of one who sleeps in Christ.

"Death ere thou hast slain another
Tender, good and fond as she
Time shall throw his dart at thee"

Her funeral was attended from the Union Meeting House, and a sermon delivered by Rev. Mr. Greenwood, Pastor of the Universalist Church at New London.

"Wealth is a relative thing, since he that has little, and wants less, is richer than he that has much but wants more."

PROSPECTUS

OF THE EIGHTEENTH VOLUME OF THE

NEW YORK

CHRISTIAN MESSENGER.

TO BE EDITED BY

Wm. S. Balch, Otis A. Skinner, and S. C. Bulkeley.

A new volume of this paper will be commenced on the 11th of November. It will be published as heretofore, on a super royal sheet, in folio form. The paper will be of good quality, strong and white, and the mechanical execution will be equal to that of any other denominational paper.

It will be devoted to the defence and illustration of Universalism; Morality, Literature, and Science; to questions of Reform and Progress, and General Intelligence. It will contain Sermons, Essays, Scripture Expositions, Reviews of Books, interesting Moral Stories, Juvenile Pieces, Denominational and General News.

Besides the productions of the Editors, it will contain articles from our best writers. Regular Correspondents, in different parts of the country, have been engaged to furnish the earliest information touching the interests of our cause.

New-York is the Commercial Emporium of the Union, and it affords peculiar facilities for the publication of a Universalist paper; and we hope to make ours worthy of an extensive patronage. If past experience and untiring perseverance will enable us to do so, our friends may depend on receiving one equal to any in the Denomination.

We respectfully ask the aid and co-operation of all our present patrons, and all who wish well to our success, promising, on our part, to do every thing in our power to render the Messenger an acceptable and useful paper.

TERMS.

The MESSENGER will be Published every Saturday, at TWO DOLLARS a year, payable in advance; to which *Fifty Cents* will be added if not paid within Six months from the time of subscribing.

Persons sending us *Ten Dollars*, shall receive *six* copies, or *Twenty Dollars*, *Thirteen* copies.

S. C. BULKELEY & CO.

Messenger Office, 140 *Fulton-street, N. Y.*, Oct. 30, 1848.

THE CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR,

Is published weekly, in octavo form, and contains all the important reading of the Messenger. It is printed on good paper, well pressed, and neatly folded. It will make a handsome volume, at the end of the year, of *eight hundred and thirty-two* large octavo pages, filled with interesting and profitable reading, worthy of preservation. This is the only weekly journal in the denomination whose form makes it convenient for the library. It is furnished to single subscribers at $2 50. Persons sending $12 00 shall receive six copies, and $24.00 thirteen copies.

NEW-YORK MARKET—WHOLESALE PRICES.

CORRECTED WEEKLY.

PROVISIONS.

Flour, per bbl.,	$5a5 75	Beef "	5 50a9 75
Wheat, Genesee, bush.,	1 25	" Prime Mess, tce.	18 50
" Western, "	95a1 12	Lnrd, per lb.,	7a7 1-2
Indian Meal, per bbl.,	3 25a3 31	Cheese, "	6 1-2a7
Corn, round, yer bush.,	72a72 1-2	Butter, Orange Co. dairy,	19a21
" mixed, "	67a68 1-2	" Western "	15a17
" New Orleans, "	65a66	" Ohio Common,	10a11
Rye, "	66	Salt, Turks' Island, bush.,	26
Oats, "	35a36	" Liverpool grnd, sack,	1 05a1 10
Pork, Mess, per bbl.,	$13 00	" " fine, "	1 27a1 37
" Prime, "	8 87 1-2		

MISCELLANEOUS.

Hay, pressed, per 100 lbs.	40a50	Timothy Seed, tierce,	15a17
Hops, per lb.,	9 1-2a10 1-2	Clover " per lb.,	5 1-2a6
Feathers, live American,	30a35	Flax, rough, in bulk, per	
Flax, per lb.,	9	bushel,	1 18a1 20

New-York Cattle Market....Monday, Oct. 30.

At market 1400 Beef Cattle, 70 Cows and Calves, and 4,000 Sheep and Lambs.

BEEF CATTLE—Are in good request and the prices are fully sustained. Sales at from 5 to 7 per lb as in quality. About 200 were left over unsold.

COWS AND CALVES—Bought from $22a44 to 50. All sold.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Market abundantly supplied, and sales as follows: Sheep 1 12 to 2 62 to 3 75. Lambs $1a2 62 700 left unsold.